in so far as it has a cash value. It is highly ironical, and very characteristic of their ignorance, that they, who do not know the rea-f character of time as value in terms of an achieved awareness of life which it can bestow, live by manufacturing clocks. In the philistine set of values dominated by the possessive and mercenary motives, there has come about a withering perversion of the true ideals.- -Time, which had been socially prefigured as a measure of life, has now become a Goliath of routine. Life is no longer the measure of time; time is the measure, in a curiously perverted manner, of life. The -mysterious article manufactured at Woollett, as R. W. £tallman .asserts, is the time-piece.[4] Woollett keeps its eye on the clock for the purpose of greedy acquisition, while the fleeting hour flits by ungrasped, unenjoyed and unfathomed. Time assumes a destructive aspect when the priceless intimations of life, which it brings along with its lissom flow are lost on the insensitive, the imperceptive, and the unrefined. Strether sees the creative aspect of time by virtue of his refined consciousness which enables him to fully comprehend the insights into life offered by time; time thus becomes for him the burnished mirror .on which eternity casts its fluent, fruitful images.

To begin with, even Strether carries with him some of the Woollett traits to Europe. Like the people of WooIIett, Strether is at .first incapable of surrendering himself to the enjoyment of the present moment. During his first walk with Maria Gostrey, she finds him .constantly consulting his watch and remarks:

> 'You're not enjoying it, I think, so much as you ought.
> 'I see' - he appeared thoughtfully to agree. 'Great is my privilege/
> 'Oh, it's not your privilege. It has nothing to do with me... Your failure's general.' - .
> .
> 'Ah, there you are/ he laughed. 'It's the failure of Woollett. That's general/ . . -
> 'The failure to enjoy/ Miss Gostrey explained, 'is-what

I mean/*
, Strether's mind is elsewhere; he is thinking about Waymarsh whom he
has to meet on his arrival in England, and hence he is unable to enjoy
Vis walk and talk with Gostrey. He further tells her, "I'm always
.considering something else; something else, I mean, than the thing of
the moment. The obsession of the other thing is the terror/'[6] His
n *ol* things which rfo not belong to the present, or of tbkigs